Edw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your grace the way to ſaue your oath.
And diſpoſſeſſe king *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yor. I prethee *Dick* let me heare thy deuiſe.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate:
Henrie is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne,
Yor. I, ſaieſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo,
I am reſolued to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmond Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe:
Thou coſen *Montague*, ſhalt to *Norfolke* ſtraight,
And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſouldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently.
And *Richard*, thou to *London* ſtraight ſhalt poaſt,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*
To leaue the Citie; and with his men of war,
To meet me at ſaint *Albons*, ten daies hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* caſtle will prouide
Both men and money to further our attempts.
Now what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thowſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Weſtmerland*, and others of the
Houſe of *Lancaſter*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.

Enter Sir Iohn and Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Couſen *Montague* poaſt you hence: and boies, ſtay you with me.

Sir *Iohn* and Sir *Hugh Mortimers* mine vncles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The armie of the Queene means to beſiedge vs.

Sir

Sir Iohn. She ſhal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the field.
Yor. What with fiue thouſand ſouldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's generall, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Indeed many braue battailes haue I won
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one: and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd. Come lets go.
Edw. Lets martch away, I heare their drums. *Exeunt*

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland, and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtle,
And flie to *Wakefield* ſtraight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt heauen
Reuenge it on thy head: Oh ſaue his life.
Clif. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplin.
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ouer his praie.
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder:
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke.
I am to meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengd on men and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers blood,
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,
He is a man and *Clifford*, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.